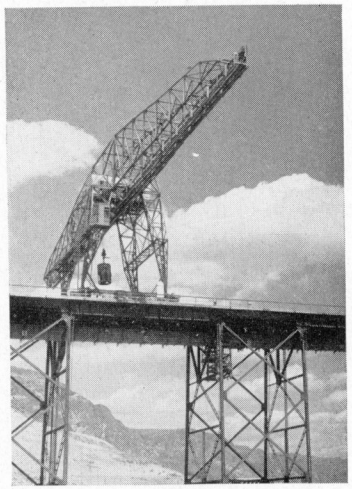
Monument to Prosperity Creation of Modern Man

JUST as the slaves of ancient Egypt carried out the orders of the reigning despots, so machinery today lifts the burdens from the backs of workers on this monolith of the Twentieth Century. Days, instead of years, are required to do a task which otherwise, would not be accomplished during the lifetime of the present generation. Each step in the process designed by man is met with his ingenuity in creating the means to an end. It is his quest for knowledge that develops the burden-lifting machines which do his bidding and allows his workers more tireless days to enjoy life. Each step in the building speeds up the pace for the project which has set many world records in using the equipment which exceeds in magnitude and intricate detail anything yet produced by man. Every act which went into the dam construction bore not only on its immediate result, but what it means to the ultimate accomplishment in the usefulness of the structure as well as its permanency. The men on whose shoulders rested the responsibility of fashioning the project gave their best to those who followed. And in the self-same manner, the workers who toiled through the sultry days and frigid nights, likewise, displayed a skill in workmanship which will be a model for youth throughout the centuries to come. Combined, they have builded a little world unto themselves and in it they have found adventure, happiness, and contentment as a monument to all time has risen under their feet.



Grand Coulee Dam is a man's world. Among those employed on the actual project and in the government offices, less than 100 were women. This small group represented the clerical staff and operators of the telephone exchanges, making a network of dam operations, and provided a connecting link with the outside world.

Many homes have been established since the work was begun on the dam. There, and there alone, does woman find her place in the sphere of man-made activity. But, withal, Grand Coulee Dam provided the last frontier where men vie with the forces of nature, that in the years to come and for untold generations, she will do their bidding.

Is A Work Of Free Men

And so, in the span of a few short years, man has molded in the barren wasteland, where millions of years ago ice floes carved a mammoth chasm from the lava rocks, a thing of beauty and utility. The toil of slaves has not gone into the buildings of the monument to prosperity, but rather the willingness and pride of free men who have worked through the sheer joy of living—that the same enjoyment and happiness may be the heritage of the many generations which will follow.—R. B.